Writing now as the head of "a large psychiatric clinic," no longer an Asylum with a fixed place and a definite inside and outside, but a more diffused entity or a "virtual" asylum with tentacles reaching into community and nation, Clarke began his discussion of what he called the "occupational wanderer"[cxxxiii] with stagy, obviously contrived dialogue between himself and an ostensibly "upper-class" gentleman. The latter facetiously speculated that he must be an "occupational wanderer" himself, having had "more than two dozen jobs in my life" (22). Clarke comfortably assured him that, since his jobs have all been "onward and upward," he could not be an "occupational wanderer," whose jobs were always "onward and downward" (22).

Clarke illustrated what he meant, with the narrative of "Betsy W." "Betsy" talks like a "B movie" gangster's moll; Clarke's own voice is scarcely better realized, unless he wanted to sound as condescending as he does here:

> "Well, Betsy, what's the trouble this time?"
>
> "Same old thing, Doc, fired. Gee, this is fierce, and now another course of treatment in the Out-Patient. Doesn't it beat--"
>
> "Never mind what it beats, Betsy, you don't need to finish the sentence. For what were you `fired'?"
>
> "Nothin' worth talkn' about. You know I was a usher in one of the Vawdevilles and got all broke up on a trapeze artist and stayed away two days. Told them I had a cold, but couldn't get it across. Gee, but I had some swell time though!" (22)

Clarke concluded the "interview" with the observation that "Betsy is a typical occupational wanderer, a pretty little butterfly with an undeveloped brain" (22).

He did not, however, really consider anything "Betsy" said, such as the indications of sexual exploitation by male employers and generally deplorable working conditions, "Betsy" being poisoned by the chocolate she handled in the candy factory, etc. Instead he dwelled on her "extreme demi-monde fashion, bobbed hair, stockings of filmy thinness" (22). As if for dramatic